

commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he (Jesus of Nazareth) which (Jesus of Nazareth) was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. To him (Jesus of Nazareth) give all the prophets witness, that thru his (Jesus of Nazareth) name whosoever believeth in him (Jesus of Nazareth) shall receive remission of sins.

The words enclosed in parentheses show how this short sermon is interwoven with Jesus the Christ. Salvation thru Jesus of Nazareth, the risen and ascended Christ and Lord, is the central thought from beginning to end. Heaven's approval is witness by the descent of the Holy Ghost upon all them which heard the word. Result,—On the Gentiles (the congregation under consideration) also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost; for they (the believing Jews present) heard them (the believing Gentiles) speak with Tongues, and magnify God.

May God in his infinite love and mercy enable us to magnify him by living such holy lives, and preaching such gospel sermons that the faith of those who see and hear may not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God," and to him be glory thruout.

Home Circle

In The Country

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not real stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sound as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like a city pretty well;
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust,
And get out where the sky is blue;
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

Eugene Field.

Partnership

Forward.

A lady was recently speaking of her plan to keep all business cares and anxieties from the knowledge of her children—keeping everything depressing out of their life, she called it—that they might be free to enjoy themselves so long as possible, with no feeling of trouble or responsibility.

"But will that really add to their happiness in the long run?" asked an older mother, dissentingly. "We have always tried to take our children into partnership—to have them share our plans and interests, and let them know what we are trying to do, and what we have to live on. It seems to me that successes are more valued if they come as something one has hoped for and helped to work for; and retrenchments are more easily borne if they are intelligently agreed

upon in the family council instead of forced upon the younger members with only the bald statement that we cannot afford this or that. It strengthens the family tie if the children feel that it is *our* home, *our* business, and *our* interest, if they know that their opinion is considered, and that their votes count; it is a means of education in wisdom, self control, and unselfishness. Life's best good for all of us lies in its discipline, not in escaping its burdens, but in learning how to bear them."

The Deadly Skirt

Woman's Journal.

Only a little dust. Almost imperceptible dust, caught on the rug on the floor of the handsome hall.

It was a Turkish rug lying on the perfectly waxed hardwood floor, in a hall where neatness seemed to reign along with all the appointments of wealth.

But there was that almost imperceptible dust!

How did it come to be there? If you had ears that could hear its voices, it could tell you. It would say that it had clutched a fold on the beautiful lady's gown, and come in from the street.

It was a beautiful gown as well as a beautiful lady. A tailor-made gown, and its fashionable bias flounce trailed stylishly on the ground.

Everything was stylish about the lady, from her fair face, with rather deep circles below the eyes, to her slender and handsome walking shoes. She walked trailing her gown properly, dust or no dust. Indeed, she ignored the dust of the street; but will the dust ignore her?

Let us listen, if she will not, for this almost imperceptible dust moves and acts with fearful power, and, if we listen, we possibly may understand its language.

Soon after coming in on the beautiful lady's gown, other steps followed and other gowns helped to move the dust along farther into the house; but it had a fancy for the beautiful lady. Her frailness attracted it, and it followed her to her bedchamber. Her feet had never trod the loathsome precincts from whence it came, but it came to her on her own gown.

Soon there came to the chamber a little child; a sweet, rosy cherub. In its romping it stirred the dust about.

Then the dust began to be separated, being formed of many particles, and these talked among themselves. As they talked they danced back and forth, waltzing, swirling, capering, with every motion of the child and its mamma, the beautiful lady.

A scientist could have understood them, if he had caught some of them under his microscope. He would have called them "germs." With what alarm he would have recognized the diphtheritic germ, and with what dismay would he have seen the tuberculosis germ approaching the frail lady.

Back and forth, dancing, capering, waltzing, the germs kept time while baby in its

mother's arm said, as thousands of other little ones were saying:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

This baby was saying it for the last time. When night came again, thousands of little voices sent up again the babies' prayers, but this one was gasping out its little life on mamma's bosom, destroyed by a germ.

A yellow card at the front door warned all comers against diphtheria.

The beautiful lady sought health vainly for a year or more, then found rest "beyond the sorrow and the parting."

"Broken hearted," it was said. "Found death in the dust of the street," said the microscope. A victim of the long skirt!

Love Shown in Refusals

Sunday-School Times.

No father who loves his child will give it everything it asks for. Not even if the child begs and weeps for the desire of its heart will a true father give it what he knows to be for its injury. Refusing a child's wrong request is one of the evidences of a father's love. God loves his children more than any earthly father loves his. Because this is so, God will not answer every earnest prayer of his longing child. Until a child of God knows better than God does what is for his true welfare, he ought to be glad that his most importunate prayers are not always answered. Let us thank God that he will not answer our prayers unless he sees they are for our good.

Boys Are Useful

Presbyterian.

Sometimes grown people grow impatient with boys, and declare: "Boys are a nuisance, anyway; what do they do that is really good, or that doesn't have to be undone?" Now, our boys know that this is unjust, so do our girls, but the grown folk are not enough interested to listen to reason, and they are not asked frequently enough to remember that boys do sometimes do things that are worth while, says the editor of "Boys and Girls" in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The editor does not read all the newspapers that are published, but last week he kept a mental "tab" on some of the news of the week, day by day, just to see if this statement of grown folks could be proved. And in that one week he found three items, any one of which would make the grown folks whoever made the above assertion blush with shame, if they were to read the details.

The first item that attracted his attention was a local account of how a thief was caught in one of the towns not far from Cincinnati. He was what is called a "painter thief"—that is, he pretended to be a painter and got inside houses on this pretense, and then came back later to ply his real nefarious trade. A good woman saw one acting